



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

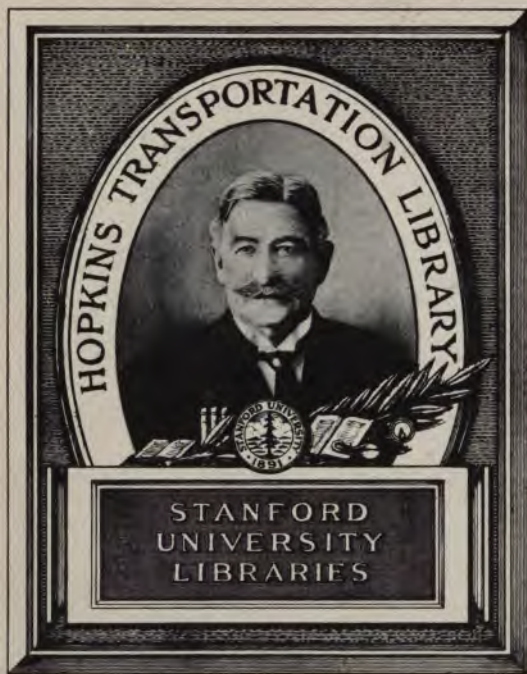
### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

THE

BREAKING WAVES  
DASHED HIGH





C. S. BIRD

GIFT OF

Estate of

Stewart P. Elliot

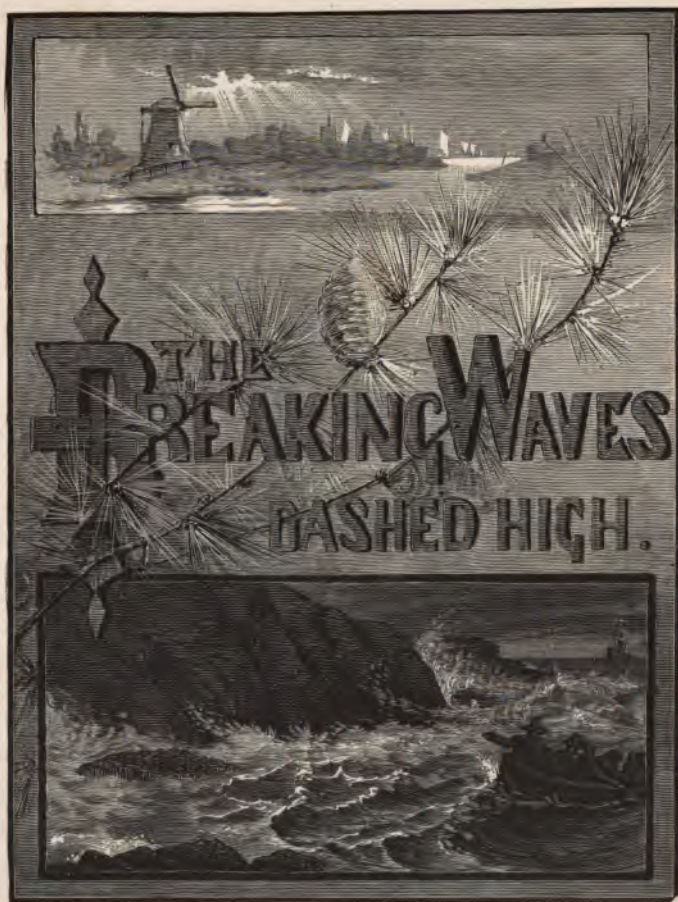
*Stanford University Library*



From the Library of  
STEWART PARKER ELLIOTT

FROM THE LIBRARY OF  
**STEWART ELLIOTT**

*bookseller*





554

THE BREAKING WAVES  
DASHED HIGH.

(*THE PILGRIM FATHERS.*)

BY

FELICIA HEMANS.

WITH DESIGNS BY MISS L. B. HUMPHREY,

ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.



BOSTON:  
LEE AND SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS.  
NEW YORK: CHARLES T. DILLINGHAM.  
1880.

COPYRIGHT,  
1879,  
BY LEE AND SHEPARD.

*All Rights Reserved.*

795201



Electrotyped at the Boston Stereotype Foundry,  
19 Spring Lane.

The Breaking Waves Dashed High.



**THE breaking waves dashed high**  
**On a stern and rock-bound coast,**  
**And the woods against a stormy sky**  
**Their giant branches toss'd.**

**And the heavy night hung dark**  
**The hills and water o'er,**  
**When a band of exiles moored their bark**  
**On the wild New England shore.**

**Not as the conqueror comes,**  
**They, the true-hearted, came ;**  
**Not with the roll of the stirring drums,**  
**And the trumpet that sings of fame ;**

**Not as the flying come,**  
**In silence and in fear ; —**  
**They shook the depths of the desert gloom**  
**With their hymns of lofty cheer !**

**Amidst the storm they sang,**  
**And the stars heard and the sea ;**  
**And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang**  
**To the anthem of the free !**

**The ocean-eagle soared**  
**From his nest by the white wave's foam ;**  
**And the rocking pines of the forest roared —**  
**This was their welcome home !**

**There were men with hoary hair**  
**Amidst that pilgrim-band ; —**  
**Why had they come to wither there,**  
**Away from their childhood's land ?**

**There was woman's fearless eye,**  
**Lit by her deep love's truth ;**  
**There was manhood's brow serenely high,**  
**And the fiery heart of youth.**

**What sought they thus afar ?**  
**Bright jewels of the mine ?**  
**The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ? —**  
**They sought a faith's pure shrine !**

**Ay, call it holy ground,**  
**The soil where first they trod ;**  
**They have left unstained what there they found —**  
**Freedom to worship God.**





HE breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods 'against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches toss'd ;

And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and water o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore.









Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear;—  
They shook the depths of the desert  
gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

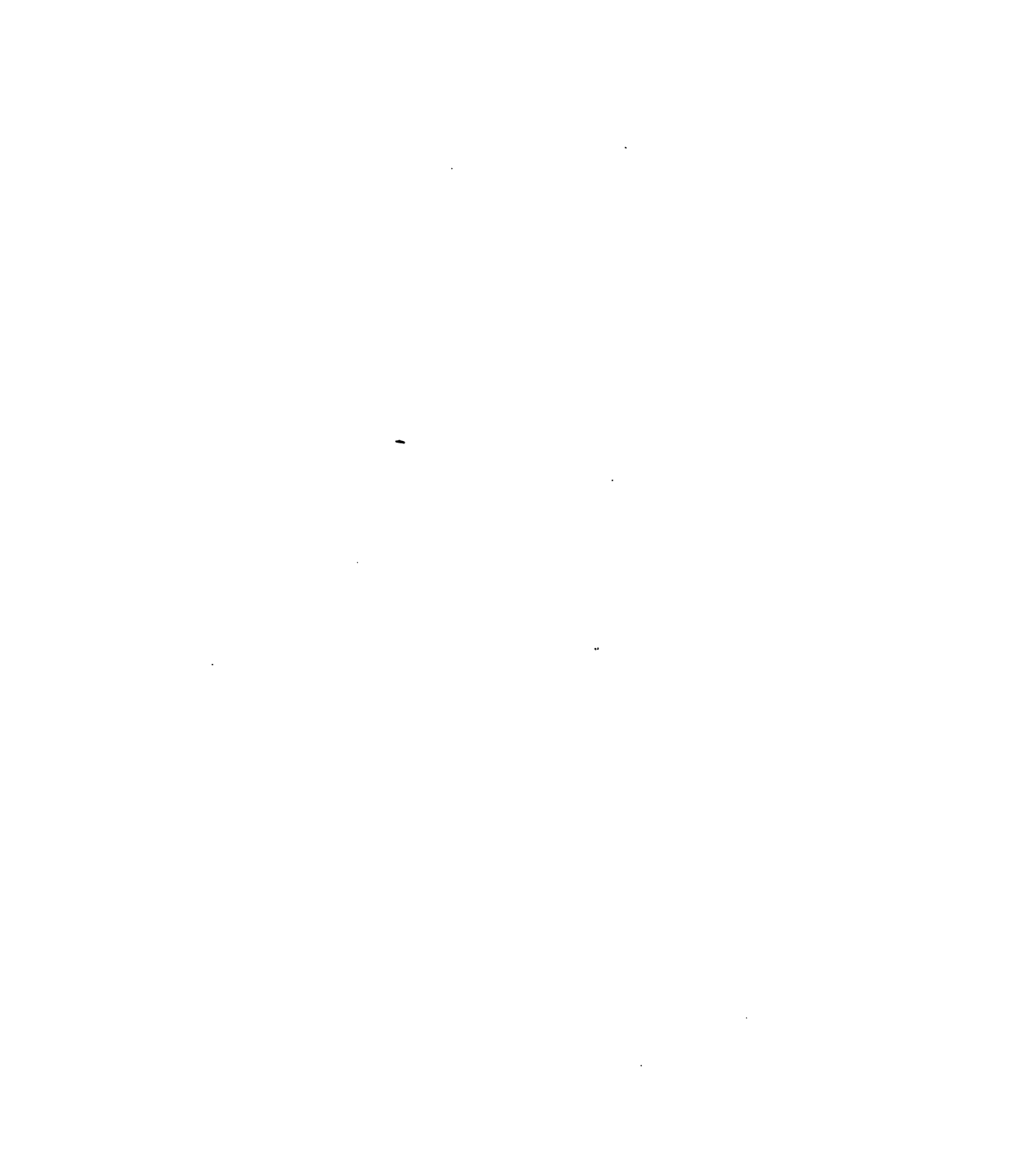








NOT as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came;  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame;









MIDST the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard and the sea ;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods  
rang  
To the anthem of the free !







